

*Eddie.* The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.  
*All.* Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.  
*Sicin.* Go see him out at Gates, and follow him  
 As he hath follow'd you, with all despite  
 Give him deseru'd vexation. Let a guard  
 Attend vs through the City.  
*All.* Come, come, lets see him out at gates, come:  
 The Gods preferue our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quartus.

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumentia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius,  
 with the young Nobility of Rome.*

*Corio.* Come leaue your teares: a brief farwel: the beast  
 With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,  
 Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd  
 To say, Extremities was the trier of spirits,  
 That common chances. Common men could beare,  
 That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike  
 Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes,  
 When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craues  
 A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me  
 With Precepts that would make inuincible  
 The heart that connd them.

*Virg.* Oh heauens! O heauens!

*Corio.* Nay, I prythee woman.

*Vol.* Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome,  
 And Occupations perish.

*Corio.* What, what, what:  
 I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,  
 Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,  
 If you had beene the Wife of *Hercules*,  
 Six of his Labours you'd haue done, and sau'd  
 Your Husband so much sweeter. *Cominius*,  
 Doope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,  
 Ile do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,  
 Thy teares are saltier then a younger mans,  
 And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) Generall,  
 I haue scene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld  
 Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,  
 'Tis fond to waile inuincible strokes,  
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well  
 My hazards still haue beene your solace, and  
 Belceu't not lightly, though I go alone  
 Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne  
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then seene: your Sonne  
 Will or exceed the Common, or be caught  
 With cautelous baits and practice.

*Volunt.* My first sonne,  
 Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius*  
 With thee awhile: Determine on some course  
 More then a wilde exposure, to each chance  
 That start's i'th way before thee.

*Corio.* O the Gods!

*Com.* Ile follow thee a Moneth, deuise with thee  
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of vs,  
 And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth  
 A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send  
 O're the vast world, to seek a single man,  
 To loose aduantage, which doth euer coole  
 And sense of the needier.

*Corio.* Fare ye well:

Thou hast yeares vpon thee, and thou art too full

Of the warres surfets, to go roue with one  
 That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate,  
 Come my sweet wife, my dearest Mother, and  
 My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,  
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:  
 While I remaine about the ground, you shall  
 Heare from me still, and neuer of me ought  
 But what is like me formerly.

*Menen.* That's worthily  
 As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,  
 If I could shake off but one seuen yeeres  
 From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods  
 I'd with thee, every foot.

*Corio.* Give me thy hand, come.

*Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus,  
 with the Eddie.*

*Sicin.* Bid them all home, he's gone: & wee'l no further,  
 The Nobility are vexed, whom we see haue sided  
 In his behalfe.

*Brut.* Now we haue shewne our power,  
 Let vs seeme humbler after it is done,  
 Then when it was a dooing.

*Sicin.* Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,  
 And they, stand in their ancient strength.

*Brut.* Dismiss them home. Here comes his Mother.  
*Enter Volumentia, Virgilia, and Menenius.*

*Sicin.* Let's not meet her,

*Brut.* Why?

*Sicin.* They say she's mad,

*Brut.* They haue rane note of vs: keepe on your way,  
*Volunt.* Oh y'are well met:

Th'hoorded plague a'th' Gods requit your loue.

*Menen.* Peace, peace, be not so loud.

*Volunt.* If that I could for weeping, you should heare,  
 Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?

*Virg.* You shall stay too: I would I had the power  
 To say so to my Husband.

*Sicin.* Are you mankind?

*Volunt.* I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,  
 Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship  
 To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome  
 Then thou hast spoken words.

*Sicin.* Oh blessed Heauens!

*Volunt.* Moe Noble blowes, then euery wife words,  
 And for Rome's good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:  
 Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne  
 Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,  
 His good Sword in his hand.

*Sicin.* What then?

*Virg.* What then? Hee'd make an end of thy posterity  
*Volunt.* Bastards, and all,  
 Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

*Menen.* Come, come, peace.

*Sicin.* I would he had continued to his Country  
 As he began, and not vnknit himselfe  
 The Noble knot he made.

*Brut.* I would he had.

*Volunt.* I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rable,  
 Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth,  
 As I can of those Mysteries which heauen  
 Will not haue earth to know.

*Brut.* Pray let's go.

*Volunt.* Now pray sir get you gone,  
 You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:  
 As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede  
 The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne

This

This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see)  
 Whom you haue banish'd, does exceed you all.

*Brut.* Well, well, wee'l leaue you.

*Sicin.* Why stay we to be baited

With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*

*Volunt.* Take my Prayers with you.  
 I would the Gods had nothing else to do,  
 But to confirme my Curses. Could I meete 'em  
 But once a day, it would vnclodge my heart  
 Of what lyes heavy too't.

*Menen.* You haue told them home,  
 And by my troth you haue cause: you'l Sup with me.

*Volunt.* Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon my selfe,  
 And so shall sterue with Feeding: Come, let's go,  
 Leauing this faint-puling, and lament as I do,

In Anger, *luno-like*: Come, come, come. *Exeunt*

*Menen.* Fie, fie, fie.

*Enter a Roman, and a Volce.*

*Rom.* I know you well sir, and you know mee: your  
 name I thinke is *Adrian*.

*Volce.* It is so sir, truly I haue forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are,  
 against 'em. Know you me yet?

*Volce.* *Nicanor*: no.

*Rom.* The same sir.

*Volce.* You had more Beard when I last saw you, but  
 your Favour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's  
 the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcean  
 State to finde you out there. You haue well saued mee a  
 dayes iourney.

*Rom.* There hath beene in Rome strange Insurrections:  
 The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and  
 Nobles.

*Vol.* Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not  
 so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com  
 vpon them, in the heate of their diuision

*Rom.* The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing  
 would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue so  
 to heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that  
 they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the peo  
 ple, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer.  
 This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for  
 the violent breaking out.

*Vol.* *Coriolanus* Banish'd?

*Rom.* Banish'd sir.

*Vol.* You will be welcome with this intelligence *Ni  
 canor*.

*Rom.* The day serues well for them now. I haue heard  
 it said, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when  
 shee's false out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus*  
*Aufidius* well appeare well in these Warres, his great  
 Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his coun  
 trey.

*Volce.* He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus  
 accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Bu  
 sinesse, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall betwene this and Supper, tell you most  
 strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of  
 their Aduerfaries. Haue you an Army ready say you?

*Vol.* A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their  
 charges distinctly billeted already in th'entertainment,  
 and to be on foot at an houres warning.

*Rom.* I am ioyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am  
 the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action: So  
 fir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.

*Volce.* You take my part from me sir, I haue the most